

THE ALBUQUERQUE CITIZEN

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W. S. STRICKLER W. T. McCREIGHT
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THE CITY GARBAGE

That the garbage of a city of this size should be disposed of goes without saying; though, really there is neither the danger nor the necessity which pertains to garbage in the rain belt sections. Any one who has resided in New Mexico for any length of time knows that even animal remains, such as dead horses, cows, dogs and cats, in an ordinary season, will dry up and disintegrate with scarcely any offensive odor; while vegetable refuse becomes thoroughly desiccated by a day or two's exposure to New Mexico sunshine.

Another fact is that three-fifths of the garbage of an ordinary family can be readily destroyed day by day as it is produced, by burning in the family cookstove or range, without danger or offensive odor. But unfortunately many families instead of thus disposing of their refuse, throw it all, with the emptied cans, into the back yard or even into the alleys, in either of which places it is unsightly if not dangerous.

A third fact is that the removal of garbage is a profitable business. In El Paso, a few years ago, the position of garbage master or city scavenger was considered one of the very best which could be given as a political perquisite. The larger the town the more valuable does such a concession become. New York city, by the burning of its garbage, is enabled to generate enough electricity to light its municipal buildings. The town of Freiburg, Germany, itself disposes of its garbage. For the year 1904, the receipts of that department of the Freiburg government, the town having a population of about 70,000, amounted to \$12,744, while the expenses of management were \$9,400.

It is proposed to purchase a piece of ground, near Albuquerque, and make of it a dumping ground for the city, all within the city limits to be prevented by ordinance from leaving their garbage on their own premises, throwing it onto the premises of others, placing it in alley ways, or dumping it upon vacant lots.

It seems to The Citizen that there may be doubt whether this is the preferable plan to pursue. Would not the accumulation of the garbage in one place be more detrimental to public health than its wider distribution throughout the city as now? On a dumping ground would not load after load of garbage be piled upon previous loads, thus preventing the penetration of air and sun light to the lower strata of the refuse, and thus preventing its rapid destruction by the climate as now takes place in the small accumulations in the yards? Would not such prevention cause the mass to slowly putrify and exhale dangerous and disgusting effluvia? And would not the nearness to the city of this offensive accumulation, rendered both more offensive and more dangerous by the long continued processes of putrefaction, be a greater menace to the city's health? In fact, would the dumping ground accomplish any good other than removing from view what, it must be confessed, is altogether unsightly? And finally would not the additional expense, if any such there should be, find compensation in the greater healthfulness of having a kien instead of a dumping ground, and thus burning the garbage as collected instead of allowing it to accumulate and become a menace to health and an offense to sight and smell?

These questions present themselves to the mind of this writer, and he offers them to the consideration of the city fathers.

NEVER TOO OLD

Ex-Governor William Pinkney Whyte, of Maryland, is "eighty years young," and he is starting out at that age to make his fortune. At a time when most men are preparing for their funerals this man says "I must begin to lay by something for old age."

During the larger part of his life Mr. Whyte has held public office, though he has never been much of an office-seeker. He has been successively city solicitor, attorney general, mayor of Baltimore, governor and United States senator. Believing that a public office is a public trust and not a private snap, Mr. Whyte has retired from politics a poor man. And now this young-old man has gone back to the practice of the law in order, as he says, to "do something for his family." Within one week he argued cases in Annapolis, Boston and New York, transacted business elsewhere, and was back at his desk as fresh as any office boy. Asked concerning his remarkable vigor he says he owes it to strong will, temperance and work.

The example of Governor Whyte should stir the pulses of despairing men as a bugle blast stirs to action the sleeping soldier. To never say fail is half the battle. A bold front has caused many a mortal foe to surrender. Fate itself retreats in disorder from the man who, touched upon his surface by the passing years, keeps within himself a fountain of youth that is undimmed. That trait which men call the "New Thought" is in its essence, simply the tremendous human will power applied directly by man to overcome the power of his surroundings. He who says, "I will" to himself and tries and who keeps on saying and trying, is bound to win, whether he be eighteen years of age or eighty.

The trouble with the average man or woman is to be found in the too-ready disposition to give up. The will is dethroned long before eighty, sometimes before sixty, and even before forty. The individual thinks he has lost his chance, and the scripture says "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." He thinks he is not good for much, and so thinking, he is not good for much. He has lost his grip. Let the discouraged man project his life as Governor Whyte does. If he fails at forty, let him plan to succeed at sixty. If at sixty he fails, let him make eighty his goal. And, if like the grand old man of Maryland, at eighty he feels that he must begin to "lay by something for his family," let him go at it as if he had twenty years to do it in. If death trips you up flushed with hope and all your plans upon you, let it be like the old guard, which could die but which could never surrender.

Colonel Franz Huning died at noon today at his well known residence in this city, Huning Castle. He was one of the most respected residents of Albuquerque, the owner of large landed estate, and a pioneer closely connected with the development of this city, coming here with the California column. For several years he had been afflicted with Bright's disease, which today caused his death. His "castle" will be remembered by all who have ever visited Albuquerque. There is no other such residence in New Mexico, as it was modeled after the home of the Montezumas in Mexico City. Albuquerque in the death of Franz Huning, has suffered a great loss.

The second Eddie says that when you really print the news you don't need to go into laborious and complicated arguments to let the people know. Certainly not; nor do you have to let about it either. When the fellow who is publishing news twelve hours after his competitor has given it to the public, undertakes brazenly to deny the fact, it may be well enough occasionally by a few figures to show how absolutely out of harmony with truth his second Eddie's screechings are, are.

The Morning Journal says editorially that "after he (Delegato Andrews) had secured his nomination last year by the lavish use of Pennsylvania money," etc. Now, as the Journal was one of the strongest instruments in securing the nomination of Senator Andrews, it must be concluded that in the foregoing the Journal is speaking by the book. However, it is rather uncommon for a paper, under such circumstances, to come out so candidly.

The election tomorrow attracts special attention, because of its wide reaching influences, only in New York City, Philadelphia, Massachusetts and Ohio.

Jerome's candidacy as independent of all parties and Hearst's candidacy for municipal ownership of utilities, mark the election in New York; revolt against graft is the feature in Philadelphia; free raw material as against more tariff reform is the issue in Massachusetts, and revolt against bossism is the keynote in Ohio.

Here is what should have appeared this morning in the second Eddie department of the morning paper, but did not: "Those who want to read the president's proclamation for Thanksgiving, need not read it in The Citizen, for the Journal will reprint it in the next few days."

The Gallup Republican under new management has been greatly improved. It has been changed from a five column to a six column quarto, and hereafter will be published on Saturday, instead of Thursday. Gallup merchants are supporting its columns quite extensively these days.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LOVE OF A MOTHER

From Bryan's Commoner.

It will not do this world a bit of harm for its men—and its boys, too—to be frequently reminded of the great debt they owe their mothers. From the beginning to the end of her own life as mother, from the beginning to the end of her children's lives, she is the burden bearer of burden bearers, and the wonder of it all is that in her delicate construction there is strength to carry the loads.

The secret of her love and sacrifice was told by one who wrote: "Her first ministrations for her infant is to enter, as it were, the valley of the shadow of death and win its life at the peril of her own. How different must an affection thus founded be from all others!"

And how different, indeed, from all others is the mother's affection for her children!

The majesty of a mother's love is indescribable. In the language of another, "it shrinks not where man covers, and grows stronger where man faints; and from the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven."

But it is not alone in the tragedies of life that the mother love is felt; it manifests itself all along the line; and the routine life of the mother is one continual round of self-sacrifice, of attentions great and small—the greatest consequential to the child's future and the smallest indispensable to its present day happiness.

"Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother."

SOME FAMILIAR SCENES.

How intimately a mother's sympathies and sentiments are linked with those of the child! The boy can not enter his home so late at night, nor so stealthily, as to avoid his mother's notice; and the innocent inquiry, "Is that you, Will?" is as familiar to the boys of today as to the boys of forty years ago. She may be in a far-away room and yet during the dead of night when a little one who has, perhaps, taken a cold sneezes she can, though the mother of half a dozen, immediately distinguish the owner of the sneeze. She may be sitting in a room several rooms away from the cookery, and yet she seems able to tell instinctively just when the hand of a healthy boy has been thrust into the cookie jar. She can detect the falsehood where the father would see nothing but truth. She can recognize as correct a statement which the father might question. She knows the weakness of every child, and to that extent knows just how much should be forgiven. She accomplishes so much—loves so much and sacrifices so much that the father, conscious of his own shortcomings, must oftentimes stand abashed in her presence.

One of the prettiest stories ever told relates to the devotion shown by a distinguished Nebraskan to the memory of his boys' mother. This gentleman caused to be erected over that mother's grave a stone upon which his own name as husband, and the names of his boys as sons of that good woman, were inscribed. After the stone had been put in place, he took his four boys to the cemetery, and kneeling at that grave, directed their attention to the fact that their names had been highly honored by being written on that slab of marble. Then, paying a high and deserved tribute to the fine character of that mother, the father said: "Boys, if any one of you ever does anything to dishonor this memory, I will have his name chiseled from this stone."

It would be a great benefit to all the boys of the world if the love and devotion shown for them by their mothers could be ever impressed upon them. If the boys would be ever careful lest they do something that, if known, would bring pain and sorrow to the mother heart, the future of the world would be secure.

A BOY AND HIS SWEETHEART.
Many years ago one of the best of mothers fell "asleep at the gates of light." All of her children, of course, revered her memory; but one of them was the babe of war-time birth, and owing to the anxieties and excitements of the period, and the continued absence of the father, extraordinary affection and devotion was, doubtless, lavished upon him.

Perhaps it was because of this that after the mother's death, and for many years, this boy never retired for the night without placing at his bedside a chair, under the childish impression that his mother would occupy it and watch him to sleep.

When other boys would write in sand or carve on trees the names of sweethearts dear, this lad would trace with knife or stick the name of his sweetheart—his mother's name.

When but a boy he chose his sweetheart's name as one to be given to his own daughter; and when in later years he wrote some tale of love and life, his heroine, good and true, bore with signal honor and renown the name he loved so well. So, through boyhood's days this precious memory was enshrined within his heart the purity, the devotion, the sacrifices, the sorrows of this patient, God loving and God serving woman was ever before him, often deterring him from evil and sometimes inspiring him for good.

"Happy be with such a mother! Faith in woman-kind beats with his blood, and trust in all things high comes easy to him."

MEMORIES THAT BLESS—AND BURN.
There are living today many such mothers. If the boys could only appreciate their loving kindness while they live, life would be sweeter to them. If those who now have the companionship of the boy's best friend could only know all they will lose when that companionship ends, the pathway of the mothers of the world would today be strewn with roses.

The regrets for thoughtless acts and indifference to admonitions now felt and expressed by many living sons of dead mothers will, in time, be felt and expressed by the living sons of living mothers. The boys of today who do not understand the value of the mother's companionship will yet sing—with those who already know—this song of tribute and regret:

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary."

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end, and there
A cross is hung.

O memories that bless—and burn!
O, mighty gain and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive awash to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross."

—RICHARD L. METCALFE.

THE MARKETS

STOCK - MONEY - METAL - WOOL

Closing quotations received by T. J. Graf & Co., correspondent for L. O. San & Bryan, Barnett building.

Amalgamated Copper	83
American Sugar	11 1/2
Atchafalpa, common	87 1/2
Atchafalpa, pfd.	102 1/2
Baltimore & Ohio	111 1/2
Brooklyn Rapid Transit	77 1/2
Canadian Pacific	174 1/2
Colorado Fuel & Iron	45
Colorado Southern, common	27 1/2
Colorado Southern, first	63 1/2
Colorado Southern, second	44 1/2
Chicago, Great Western, com.	21 1/2
C. & O.	54 1/2
Erie, common	49 1/2
Erie, first	81 1/2
Louisville & Nashville	150 1/2
Missouri Pacific	102 1/2
Metropolitan	123 1/2
Mexican Central	24
New York Central	150 1/2
Norfolk	86
Reading, common	137 1/2
Pennsylvania	142 1/2
Rock Island, common	29 1/2
Rock Island, pfd.	73
Republic Iron & Steel, common	25 1/2
Republic Iron & Steel, pfd.	95
Southern Pacific	69 1/2
St. Paul	179 1/2
Southern Railway	35 1/2
Tennessee Coal & Iron	93
Texas Pacific	34 1/2
Union Pacific, common	132 1/2
U. S. S., common	37 1/2
U. S. S., pfd.	106 1/2
Wabash, common	21 1/2
Wabash, pfd.	41 1/2
Wisconsin Central, common	20
Wisconsin Central, pfd.	61
Western Union	93
U. S. Leather, common	44 1/2
Greene Copper	25 1/2
Reading, common	137 1/2

Son Lost Mother.

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NOTICE.

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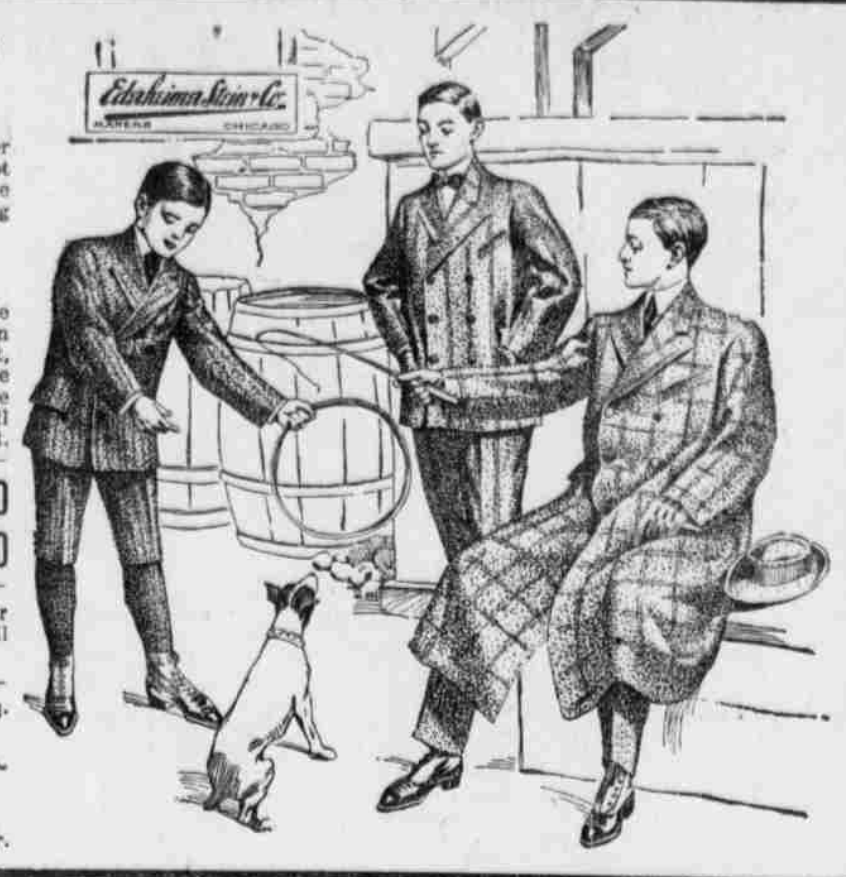
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Decorated Haviland China, at 20 per cent discount.	
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